1:Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

787 159 Sometimes I dream that someone dies and they are taking his body away. The dream tells me right, because after a little someone does die in this way; that is why I dream of it. Sometimes, however, it is all right; it does not turn out that way.

Sometimes I dream of seeing another tribe. I am quite certain of it. Other times I dream of hunting and killing deer. Then I hunt and get two or three in the same manner. At other times I dream, but I fail to get any. I dream of working in the fields, hoeing weeds, or planting; then when I am working there, I do just as I dreamed. Sometimes I dream the corn will grow tall, and at other times, will not grow at all: it eventuates that way. I have dreamed that I was hunting and got some deer, but when I tried next morning I failed. I dreamed falsely: one does not have to dream the truth.

The night before last I dreamed about cattle and horses. I saw that I had many cattle. They were walking about at a little distance. One big bull, with long horns, came close to me and stopped. I went to him and stood by his side, rubbing my hand along his back. The bull stood with his head aslant, hooking with his horns. I was afraid of being hurt. While I was looking, I turned. I saw I had many horses just a little beyond the cattle. I saw that all were sorrel horses. They were quite small ponies. My horses, those I really have, are about that size.

I dreamed last night that I was baking in a Dutch oven. Although it had not been cooking long enough to bake properly when I looked in, it was all burnt.

I dreamed about a hunting charm [shaped like a marble.] I took it from my pocket and scraped the top a little with my knife. I continued scraping until finally it broke in two. I tried to tie it around to hold it together, but it kept bulging between the bands, so that it was impossible.

Sometimes, at long intervals, I dream that a ghost comes into my house and lays his hands on me. He scares me and I say, "Something bad, you must not touch me. I do not want you to touch me; take your hands off." But the ghost keeps his hands on me and holds me tight and wants to do something to me, so I yell hoping that someone will hear and the ghost will leave. So I groan. Everybody dreams this way.

Sometimes I dream that I see and talk to my dead parents. I dream that I am living at their house. I also dream of the good horses I had long ago and which are now dead. I dream that I ride them again. I dream that I see the old men who used to be my good friends here; I dream that we are working together again. When I wake at dawn, I find I am not dead, I am still alive, and I want to sleep again, but peacefully. I say to the dead, "I am not dead: I only saw you dead people. I am still alive. I want to sleep well so I can get up in the morning refreshed. It is bad to dream of the dead; I do not want to dream of them; so go away." And then I blow into my hands and brush them down my face and body. So I brush the dream away into the night.

158 Cases of somnambulism are known. Such individuals are deemed crazy (*adpodmdig*, also inebriated). Some men talk in their sleep, occasionally in English.

158 787 159 Crook often talks in his sleep, shouting, and carrying things about. He was camping with his father. A coyote was barking in the woods. Crook got up in his sleep, ran out a little way, and cried, "What is that calling out there?" Once Crook and I [Jess] were at Rowe's Well, when he dreamed that he was fighting someone. I heard him get up, punch the tent, and scatter his bedding, repeating, "I am going to

1: Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
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kill you." He jumped on the bedding, looked around, got a long stick, and ran out. He ran into a tree and stopped short. He cried out, "Do not run away from me. I will catch and kill you." Then he returned to bed. In the morning he told about it, laughing.

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Diversions

Modern economic life is not so different from that of the past, that we may not assume the same leisurely pace in the round of a day's activities. Industrious as they are, there is still ample time for diversion. Much of the summer day is free from labor after the crops are planted and again during the harvest. Men gather at their favorite sweatlodges to gossip, or they indulge in the same pastime while helping an acquaintance stretch and rub his buckskins. Women are equally prone to gather at a neighbor's for the ostensible purpose of weaving their baskets or even shelling corn. Games of chance and some of skill, horseracing, song practice, tales on winter nights, dances, picnicing for wild foodstuffs, visits to neighboring tribes, and the inevitable philandering, offer a variety of outlets. The middle hours of the day find the women and the younger men at their gambling, and, at least during the summer, the older men at the sweatlodge. The most significant circumstance is that despite their leisure, their diversions are not such as would lead to the elaboration of the artistic, literary, or philosophic life. Evidently something more than leisure is required for cultural growth; a pride in workmanship, a passion for novelty, or something of the sort, far beyond what these people possess. While it would be unfair to describe them as apathetic, they clearly manifest no desire to appropriate the arts of life beyond their canyon walls. Which is the more astonishing in view of their frank admiration of the Hopi.

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The sweatlodge functions as a clubhouse for the men. While summer days are rarely so hot that one cannot work in the fields even at midday, it is convenient to rest during this period, and the sweating proves refreshing. Several of the more popular lodges are located on the banks of the creek; others are not near the water. While the lodge is owned and even constructed by the man who owns the land on which it stands, he does not necessarily prepare it for use; anyone who finds it convenient may do so. Here a dozen men may be found during the heat of the day, stretched on the sand awaiting their turn to enter, naked save for breecheloth (they are usually careful to avoid exposure), gossiping and discussing affairs of state. Women sometimes accompany their husbands, even in the presence of other men. They wear only the underapron. But such are rather family affairs, when children (perhaps boys alone) are permitted to enter.

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2:Iliff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

I tried, but swallowed hulls with the meats, so gave it up. 000

Kate replenished her supply by pouring dried seed[1] into her basket, scraping in live coals, and tossing them together with a rhythmic motion that kept seed and coals in a lively dance until the former were delicately browned. Changing the motion, she eliminated the coals as dexterously as a miner washes sand and dirt from his panned gold. Kate was ready to mill her second batch. Her ample body overlapping her fat legs called for a health talk on the dangers of overweight, but these carefree villagers had robbed me of the mood to lecture. Even to improve the health and the appearance of her body, I could not wipe that look of supreme enjoyment from Kate's pleasant face. 252

An older woman, bent over a basket she was weaving, sat on a blanket near the entrance to the house, her face lined with anxiety. In working out her design she was using the black bark of the devil's claw (two-pronged seed pod of the unicorn plant) against the white inner bark of the osier. There was something arresting about the woman's dejected posture and the wild, frightened look in her black eyes. 285 159

"Yunosi make new basket," Kate volunteered. She held up the basket she was using to show me its burned and broken condition. "I burn," she explained with a giggle. "Make new. I use."

Yunosi! That name explained the drawn muscles of the woman's face, the look of fright in her eyes. Only the previous week Bob had come to the office asking for medicine for Yunosi. His sister, he called her; but the terms sister, brother and cousin were loosely used to denote almost any blood relationship. From him I had learned her story. 159 158 [601]

As the wife of Chief Navaho's son, she had held an important position in the tribe. Her husband had been a good mixer; he had liked and befriended white men, and had learned enough English to converse intelligently, and from him Yunosi had learned many English expressions. A deep and lasting love blessed their union, so that after his death, she had more than the usual fear that his spirit would hover near her, unable to leave the one to whom he was so devoted. [775]

[1] i.e. sunflower seeds — Analyst]

2:11ff Y-5 (ea. 1991) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
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Her fear became an obsession. She could not sleep, for she was haunted by visions of her husband returning in the darkness to be at her side. She would cry out to him, not in her native tongue, but in the English he had taught her, calling him by his English name, "Why you come, Tom, why you come?" She would point him out to others in the lodge and ask pitifully, "You no see? He there. Why you no see him?" Their inability to see him only increased her confusion. The hallucination tortured her night after weary night. And her repeated question as she stared and pointed crazily at the apparition no one else could see caused the Indians to give her the new name, "You No See," which soon was shortened to Yunosi. For this affliction Bob had asked me to prescribe medicine, but since cough sirup, castor oil or quinine offered no hope, I sent him away empty-handed.

When I saw how real her suffering was, I longed to help her find peace. As tactfully as I could I explained my belief about death, but she sat like a carved image, with terror in her eyes. Watching her weave her intricate design, I took comfort in the thought that in this tribe of too few women, Yunosi would be wooed again and in establishing a new home, the hallucinations would surely be forgotten.

Yet as I walked back along the trail, I could not shake the memory of Yunosi's terror. Childish feuds over trampled corn and stolen blankets were one thing, but this first encounter with a fear so deeply grounded in myth and superstition made me realize how much a part of their living culture it was; and it would become the heritage of our school children, unless counteracted by education.

But the sun's rays were creeping down the white cliffs. Before long Vesnor would be herding the children into the schoolhouse. I would need a more substantial breakfast than a few sunflower seed to fortify me against the further problems of a day in that crowded classroom.

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
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—the whites—might claim the Havasu Canyon for themselves. 796 537

Thus he exhorted time after time, and, after each sermon, sang out, line for line, a new song that he desired them to learn. At first he alone sang, then Navaho and a few of the older ones took up the strain, and soon all joined in. Then the dance began, and continued with unabated zeal and fervor until the "missioner" gave the signal for rest. Then, after another harangue, another song was learned, another dance performed, and so on, *ad libitum*. [533]

The state of mental exaltation or frenzy, not unlike those peculiar manifestations of the negroes at revival meetings, the Shakers, "having the power," etc., is not uncommon among the Havasupais. At the Thapala Dance I have seen three women almost simultaneously suddenly dart from different parts of the dance circle, and hysterically shrieking, yelling, and singing, foaming at the mouth, tearing their hair, falling down with violence, and with appalling disregard to the injury to their own bodies dash against each other, or on the great central tree trunk, which stands like a flagpole in the centre of their dance corral, yield to this uncontrollable frenzy, and remain under its influence for an hour or more. During the whole time of their ecstasy, the dance continued uninterruptedly, except when one of the frenzied women dashed towards the dancers as if to escape the circle. Then the man nearest by rudely took her by the arms, body, or shoulders and thrust her, shrieking, back into the centre of the circle. 796 152 158

Yunosi gained her present name because of her occult powers and frenzied visions. After Hotouta's death she would occasionally wake up and cry out that she saw 787

768 However, such behavior of men toward women is somewhat of a pattern in
736 any conflict situation among the Havasupai, with the exception of cases in
[562] which the interests of a woman may be protected by kinsmen with whom her protagonist wishes to avoid conflict.

A motherless child may feel almost as insecure as an orphan. Such a child may (but in practice seldom does) live with his father after the father remarries. Three or four adult men who were motherless children recalled that they felt anxiety and loneliness, and a sense of "not belonging" to anyone in particular in childhood, although their relatives had been good to them and had provided for them as best they could. In the reverse situation, an old man whose father had died when he was about five years old, recalls that he was economically insecure and "just went where they would feed me" until his mother remarried. A sense of security then returned, for his stepfather treated him like a real son.

Deviant Personalities

158 There are, among Havasupai adults, several persons who as children exhibited patterns of behavior different from the norm and far from the ideal. These behavior traits have carried over into adulthood, producing in one case an apparently psychotic woman who is a problem to the community in the area of interpersonal relationships. In childhood this woman exhibited strongly introverted and antisocial tendencies, earning for herself the name of Prairie Dog because, when neighboring children came to play with her siblings, she always ran to hide behind the house and would then pop up and peek at the other children until they saw her, when she would duck from sight only to pop up in another spot. In adult life she exhibits what appear to be paranoid tendencies, consistently believing herself to be persecuted by nearly everyone else in the tribe and at the same time feeling herself in every way superior to "these ignorant people who don't know how to act right."

158 Other individuals who were considered different by members of their
578 age group, as boys were aggressive and attempted to dominate in games; others characterized them as bullies. These boys were largely avoided by other children. As adults they continue to behave aggressively and have not gained in popularity.

Another man who is said to have been disobedient and aggressive when he was a boy is now an aggressive adult somewhat feared by others and is said to be so sly that he is called "The Fox."

Several other men who are said to have been "mean boys," that is, that they were disobedient or were prankaters, are now popular and respected members of the community and apparently were acceptable and even sought after as playmates in childhood.

The reason given for avoiding the company of this girl was not her alleged prostitution. It was explained, instead, that she caused trouble and said cruel things to them whenever she was present. It is entirely possible that the other girls in reality considered her their rival for masculine attention, and because of her greater popularity, they had banded together against her. 883 578 156 208

Another more pointed example of united public opinion centering on the unpopularity of a woman is that of a widow in middle age. She seemingly feels that most of her fellow tribesmen are persecuting her. She is commonly viewed by the Havasupai as a troublemaker, and her presence is undesired but is tolerated by most of the tribe. This woman is described as having been antisocial from early childhood. Other children treated her with indifference or tolerance, and eventually taunted her for her strange behavior. Today, she considers herself superior to her fellow tribesmen in social conduct. She is given to aggressive and abusive verbal behavior which is largely ignored by others until it reaches a point that can no longer be tolerated. On fence posts and elsewhere about the canyon village area, obscenities have been written coupling names of various young people. These are credited to her authorship. The mother of one girl whose name had been seen in numerous places told the investigator without anger or perceptible excitement that "-----writes all those things, and no one pays any attention to what she writes because we all know she does it." The informant shook her head and added that she could not understand why the woman in question behaved as she did. 158 589 [831]

This widow's behavior is tolerated among her fellow tribesmen seemingly without animosity, although she appears to have no close friends. On the whole, other women appear to treat her kindly and do not take advantage of her. However, she is occasionally baited or teased by the young men. People generally avoid conflict with her whenever possible.

There are in the tribe perhaps two or three other women who have few friends, who are considered difficult to get along with, or who bear strong antagonisms toward a few individuals. Other women, as a rule, avoid trouble with such a person by associating with her as little as possible. Even women of this reputation, however, have their own circles of relatives or close friends, sometimes outside the Havasupai tribe, with whom they do maintain pleasant social relations. 156 157 578 572

Although antagonisms which have arisen over land disputes, or other issues of a serious nature, in a few instances continue to be borne by the disputants, as a general rule grudges are not lasting. Most quarrels are quickly forgotten and injuries are forgiven. 578

Quarrels of a serious character between women usually concern rivalry for the affections of a particular man. A second source of trouble is

More recently, in 1954, a boy of 19 shot himself, supposedly because his parents strongly opposed his marriage to the girl of his choice. 762

The attempted shooting occurred when a man turned a gun on his son as the boy tried to stop his father from beating his mother. Apparently there is some question concerning the manner in which the father eventually met his death, but informants seemed reluctant to discuss the case. The death apparently was either suicide or accidental.

Several versions concerning the death of Prince Wodo are obtainable, depending upon the relationship of the informant to the deceased, and other factors. Reportedly, the old man was disturbed because he thought certain persons had designs upon his land. Service (1947, 362) recorded a version of the story which appears to have originated with one of the men who wanted the land but received none after the old man's death. He writes, "It is said that the old man was so upset that he locked himself in his house, set fire to it, and burned to death." However, the possibility remains that the death was accidental. A disinterested and unrelated informant on the day before Prince Wodo's death witnessed a dispute between Prince Wodo and others interested in inheriting his land. This informant, although aware that Prince Wodo became angry during the quarrel, thought that the position of Prince Wodo's body may have indicated an attempt to escape from the burning house. The body was lying prone near the door as though the old man had awakened, stumbled toward the door, and fallen before he could make his way out. Spier (personal communication, 1957) inclines to the opinion that Prince Wodo, who was considered odd by his fellow tribesmen, might have been capable of suicide but there is a possibility he foolishly may have set the fire to get attention, intending to escape before the fire got out of hand. [114] [158]

A deliberate killing which occurred long ago was that of a Walapai medicine man who was believed to have killed a number of Havasupai by poisoning them. An angry relative of one of the dead stole upon the shaman while he was swimming, and from behind shot him through the heart with an arrow. The shaman had many relatives among the Walapai, but reportedly, none of them ever said anything to the Havasupai about his death. Several other killings or purported plots to kill were mentioned by informants; nearly all the victims were medicine men. 683 754